

THE  
Evening World.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22.  
SUBSCRIPTION (Including Postage),  
PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.  
OVER 300,000 A DAY!

OVER TWO MILLION COPIES A WEEK!

The Largest Circulation of Any Newspaper in the World.

The total number of Worlds printed during the last week was 2,183,930, as follows:

Sunday.....265,280 copies.  
Monday.....300,650 copies.  
Tuesday.....300,190 copies.  
Wednesday.....300,580 copies.  
Thursday.....295,430 copies.  
Friday.....282,100 copies.  
Saturday.....107,610 copies.  
Average circulation of THE WORLD per day for week ending Oct. 22, 1887, 295,222.

31,990 Copies.

We, the signers, are appended, certify to the correctness of the above statement.

G. W. TURNER, Business Manager.

J. ANTON SHAW, Cashier.

O. C. SMITH, Foreman World Press-Room.

C. E. STUART, Acting Supt. Mail and Delivery Dept.

EDWARD H. HANSEN, Auditor.

City and County of New York, ss. I, G. W. TURNER, Business Manager of THE EVENING WORLD, do hereby certify that the above statement is true and correct.

WILLIAM L. SUMNER, Commissioner of Deeds, City and County of New York.

ADVERTISING RATES.

(By the Month.)

Ordinary, 25 cents per line. No extra price for acceptable display. Business or Special Notices, opposite editorial page, 50 cents per line. Reading Notices, per line, 10 cents. First page, \$1.50 per line. Fourth page, \$1.25 per line. Inside page, \$1.00 per line.

The rates for advertising in the Daily World do not apply to the Evening World, nor do the rates of that paper apply to the Evening World.

AN INSULT TO THE VOTERS.

In presenting JOHN R. FELLOWS as their candidate for District-Attorney the Democratic leaders have deliberately insulted the honest and intelligent voters of their party.

This is a time to name for public prosecutor a political hack, first foisted into public service by BREWSTER, and since then the subservient tool of every successive Boss?

Is the boom companion of Boodlers, the impetuous official against whom scores of judgments are hopelessly piled up, a man who mortgages and re-mortgages his salary in advance, a fit man to intrust with the administration of justice in this city?

If this is the result of "Democratic union" it is time for another break. If his favorite summer and winter resort is the doorway of the horse-cars. Especially on a bottle car do his unrestricted talents shine. He holds mass-meetings in the narrow hotel vestibules. He blocks the entrances of the theatres, the exchanges, the big stores and the newspaper offices with unparalleled disregard for the rest of humanity.

He is even more difficult to suppress than the book agent. "Show him the door," and you merely abet his designs. A patent adjustable threshold, worked by a grand-bouncing spring, is probably the only thing that will rid us of the "doorway fiend."

A TICKET OF REVENGE.

The County Democracy Bosses seem to have sacrificed all other considerations to an insatiable thirst for revenge.

To obtain this Tammany was given the preponderance of the ticket, the County Democracy retaining but three of the ten offices.

The "knife" was plunged into NICOLL with malicious satisfaction by the Boodlers and their friends. Honest and efficient Comptroller LOEW was slaughtered because he had done his duty too well and too fearlessly in guarding the public treasury against the assaults of dishonest contractors.

Will the voters abet this sort of revenge?

It appears to be Civil-Service Commissioner ECKSTROM's idea that it is all right for Government clerks to organize for partisan activity if only they are Democrats. What a pious and ring-streaked Reform we shall have if this sort of thing goes on.

If when we reduce the campaign in behalf of Mr. NICOLL for the District-Attorneyship to its last analysis it comes to this—he simply did his duty. We of course respect a man for doing his duty, but we do not necessarily honor him. What else could he do?—N. F. Herald.

He might have gone to the Hot Springs.

DE LANCEY NICOLL's firm health is a point in his favor. He could not be made to see that he required a journey to the South when a pet of the Ring and the Corporations was to be put on trial for accepting a bribe.

It is asserted that JAY GOULD will spend the winter on the Mediterranean. As an erratic, disturbing and dangerous force he could give pointers to Vesuvius and Etna.

GLADSTONE has been made an "antiquarian" by a society in Massachusetts. He is at his best, however, as a contemporary. The Tories are the real antiquarians.

The sort of Fellows the people want in their semi-judicial positions are those whose constitutions do not habitually break down when Boodlers are at the bar.

RECKEN's books are soon to be sold at auction, but his big shoes are yet unfilled.

There are knives that cut both ways.

His Plans of Its Own.

Utah does not need to enter the Union as a State. There is too much union there now, although it is of a wrong variety.

See the Sunday World for a striking story of New York's notorious prisoners in Sing Sing and how they serve the State.

NOT YET SILENCED.

Now that a grotesque unit nomination for District-Attorney has been made the Herald naturally considers that the talk about Boodlers is "a worn-out cry."

The fact that there are thirteen ex-Aldermen, five ex-Bosses and several other Boodlers still under indictment for bribery is enough to require the election of a District-Attorney who does not consider the demand for justice a "worn-out cry."

But the other fact—that politicians whose

natural sympathies are with plunderers and Boodlers have overruled the honest party leaders and dictated a nomination to suit their own purposes, renders it still more imperative for the people to show that they are not tired of the demand for good government.

When the Boodlers are all punished and their friends no longer control politics, it will be time enough for the "cry" to stop.

## TOO WARM AND TOO COLD.

The office-holding oligarchs have denied to the honest Democratic voters a candidate for District-Attorney whose sole offense is that "he has made New York too hot for Boodlers."

It now remains for the voters to make Nov. 8th the "coldest day" for the Bosses that they have ever known since TWEN's fall.

## WHY?

Why has DE LANCEY NICOLL been rejected by the politicians?

Is he not honest? Is he not able? Has he not been faithful to duty and remarkably successful as a public prosecutor? Is he not a sound Democrat? Is he not popular with the people?

There is not an honest man in New York who will not say YES to all these questions.

Why, then, was NICOLL rejected?

There is but one reason, and all New York knows it. It is because he has been too honest, too able, too faithful, too popular. He could not be made to "let up" on rogues of any degree. He would not respond to a political "pull" to save an imperilled Boodler. The Bosses who control the party machine have no use for such a man in the District-Attorney's office.

And this is why NICOLL was knifed.

QUITE TOO ABSURD.

The most ridiculous suggestion in connection with the District-Attorneyship is that Mr. NICOLL "may be retained as Col. FELLOWS's assistant."

Col. FELLOWS will never have need of an official "assistant." He will be buried out of sight at the polls. There need be no doubt about that.

But if FELLOWS were to be elected, DE LANCEY NICOLL would no more play second fiddle to his more spouter than he would hire out as an attorney's clerk. To suggest it would be like asking a victorious General to accept the position of sutler's clerk to a camp follower.

THE DOORWAY FIEND.

That so conspicuous and obnoxious a character as the "doorway fiend" should have so long escaped the paragrapher, not to say the police, is a wonder.

Before his bad pre-eminence all the other "fiends" bow in deep chagrin. His favorite summer and winter resort is the doorway of the horse-cars. Especially on a bottle car do his unrestricted talents shine. He holds mass-meetings in the narrow hotel vestibules. He blocks the entrances of the theatres, the exchanges, the big stores and the newspaper offices with unparalleled disregard for the rest of humanity.

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## BACK AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

PRESIDENT AND MRS. CLEVELAND REACH WASHINGTON ON TIME.

The Presidential Train Arrived at 6.45 This Morning and the Party Were at Once Driven to Their Respective Homes—All Were Well, Although Somewhat Fatigued by the Long Journey—The Trip Enjoyed.

## [SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.—The President's special train arrived here at 6.45 this morning, and Mr. Cleveland's three weeks' excursion came to an end without incident. The air was clear and frosty, and the twenty or thirty people, mostly colored, who stood around waiting to catch a glimpse of the distinguished party tucked their hands into their pockets and turned up their coat collars to keep warm. The President's carriage was in waiting at the end of the station and Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, with Law Partner Bissell, were driven at once to the White House. Carriages were also on hand to receive Postmaster General Vilas, Col. Lamont and other members of the party.

When the train pulled into the station the excursionists were assembled in the rear "P. P. O." car. Mr. Cleveland was the first one to alight. He bowed to a couple of the White House servants, who stood with uncovered heads to greet him, and then stepped across the track alone to his carriage. Mrs. Cleveland followed him closely, and with a pleasant smile to the train attendants, stepped forward quickly and overtook the President. She wore a close-fitting traveling dress of blue shade, and looked as fresh and bright as on the day of her departure.

The President wore his customary suit of black, and his face had a wearied expression. He appeared to be very glad to get back and that his long journey was over. He said he had on the trip and felt that he had gained much useful information about the people and the country.

Col. Lamont and Mr. Vilas and Mr. Bissell were soon out of the train and on their way to their respective homes. Mr. Vilas looked pretty well used up. The train was loaded down with floral designs and other gifts presented to Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland by enthusiastic admirers. These were transferred to a wagon and conveyed to the White House.

Asheville, N. C., was the last stop of any length made by the President's train yesterday. Crowds gathered at the stations along the route from that point, but no stop was made to give them a chance to shake hands with the President.

The members of the party retired at an early hour last night and the train was run at a slow rate of speed to give them a good night's rest. Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland appeared about 6.30, just as the train was pulling into Alexandria. The dome of the Capitol was visible from this point, and Mrs. Cleveland said it was a most welcome sight. A member of the party was asked how the different sections of the country impressed the President.

"We had an opportunity," he said, "of contrasting Northern and Southern hospitality. Everywhere the receptions tendered the President appeared to be without regard to political lines. Republicans and Democrats were very friendly to each other. In the South the hospitality was of a more individual character, and was not quite as harmonious in its execution. The arrangements at Atlanta were the worst we encountered. In fact, there were no organized arrangements of any kind, and the crowd was something fearful. The reception at Montgomery was one of the most successful of the trip. The most perfect order was maintained and the arrangements were carefully made and executed. The President was very much impressed with the growth of the North and Southwest."

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The Press Has No End of Praise for "The Evening World."

[From the Outlook (N. Y.) Northeastern.]

If it were not using slang to say so, one might enthusiastically exclaim of THE EVENING WORLD that "it is a daisy."

[From the New Orleans Chronicle.]

THE EVENING WORLD, with its first-class typography, brief and independent editorials, and skillful condensations of news of the day, is the latest newspaper marvel of New York.

[From the New Orleans Picayune.]

The New York World now publishes an evening paper called THE EVENING WORLD. If it could not be called "The World" it would have filled a long-felt want. Most of the New York people seem to want the Earth.

[From the Arkansas Gazette.]

THE EVENING WORLD is an event in New York Journalism. It displays the enterprise that distinguishes the morning WORLD, is under the same general management, and will make the same rapid strides toward success.

[From the New York Times.]

That great big paper, the New York World, has commenced the publication of an evening edition, the initial number of which was issued last week. It is exclusive of the morning, weekly, semi-weekly and Sunday editions. It seems there is nothing impossible now—a day in newspaper work in the larger cities.

[From the Portsmouth (N. H.) Mercury.]

The new EVENING WORLD of New York City, contains a large amount of entertaining news presented in a highly attractive manner. The enormous circulation instantly gained by THE WORLD may be due to the fact that previous efforts by New York journalists to build up the circulation of an evening paper have not been properly directed, and that there is an immense field there that has been for a long time waiting for the proper cultivator.

[From the Nashville American.]

The New York World's evening edition has sprung into unprecedented circulation. The edition Monday, the first date of its issue, was 111,410, which grew to 128,420 on Wednesday. With the field so well covered, apparently, the enormous and sudden growth is simply astonishing. But there isn't any doubt that the same brain and experience and good judgment that made THE WORLD the guide of the evening edition. It has no superior in Journalism.

[From the Troy Herald.]

THE (N. Y.) EVENING WORLD jumped into existence on Monday last with a circulation of over 111,000. No such feat has been performed since Minerva sprang forth fully armed from the brain of Jove. THE EVENING WORLD is a great triumph of Journalism. It bids fair to live forever as an apt illustration of the survival of the fittest. Whatever happens to mundane enterprises it is likely to survive. "The wreck of matter and the crash of other worlds" when the final smash comes on millennium day. It is worthy of the success it has achieved. Price one cent.

A CHANGED TUNE.

[New York Herald, Oct. 22.] [New York Herald, Oct. 1.]

The men who hold office in this country do the people run this city, or do the friends of the Boodlers who are now in Sing Sing or Canada?

The same, Oct. 5.

It is perfectly well understood by the New York public that the Boodlers in Sing Sing and Canada will do anything to prevent their arrest and conviction on the one hand and their involuntary flight on the other.

Barley Campbell's Condition.

[Special to the Evening World.]

Middleton, Oct. 21.—Barley Campbell, of Middleton, says that he is recovering and will be released without foundation and untrue in every respect. No one had authority to make such report. Campbell is about the same condition as he has been for several months.

Shipwrecked Sailors in Port.

The German steamship Saale, which arrived here to-day from Bremen, brought the captain and crew of eleven men of the Norwegian bark New Brunswick, which had been abandoned at sea. The bark was bound from Quebec to Liverpool, with lumber and, becoming waterlogged, had to be abandoned Oct. 18.



A Happy Home-Coming.

## BATTLING WITH A MADMAN.

Mrs. Bierer's Long Struggle With Her Insane Husband.

Adam Bierer, aged thirty-five years, of 92 Pitt street, committed suicide this morning by cutting his throat. Bierer has been drinking heavily during the last six weeks, and last night he came home in an intoxicated condition.

He acted strangely at the supper table, and when cut the bread he made several feints at his wife, terrifying her. But she was afraid lest some of the persons in the house should hear of her husband's insanity, and so she did not go to bed, but remained in the room with her, and so her fright, and after much difficulty got the crazy man to bed. But he did not go there to sleep. Throughout the night he moaned and talked wildly, and it was only by exerting her utmost strength that she was able to keep the man within her room.

The night she passed was a terrible one. Almost overcome by weariness and desperate from fright she struggled with the man until she was almost overcome by sleep and the fearful struggle. But still she would not allow her neighbors to know of her disgrace, and summoning her remaining strength she threw herself upon him, seeking to hold him prostrate through sheer weight. But the struggle was too much for her. Her husband was now thoroughly insane, and was given almost no rest from him and setting the knife, dashed about the room, slashing at everything within his reach. Mrs. Bierer gave up the struggle and rushed from the room to call help. When she returned her husband was lying on the floor, bleeding from a gash in his throat. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where he soon afterward died.

TWO COVETED OFFICES.

Brooklyn Democrats Who Want the Nomination for Mayor and Sheriff.

The Brooklyn Democracy will meet in convention this evening to nominate a candidate for Mayor. Mayor Daniel D. Whitney, it is whispered, has written a letter withdrawing from the race.

State Comptroller Alfred C. Chapin and Marvin Cross, a wealthy lumberman, are the leading candidates to-day, with the odds in favor of Chapin, who is the favorite of Young Democrats and Young Republicans alike. Aldermen Kane, Coffey and McGarry want Deputy Comptroller. Bricklayers' nominating the union leaders are strongly for Rufus L. Scott and Supervisor-at-Large Quintard, while the Eastern District bosses are backing Cross and ex-Register of Arrests Throop and Jackson. Conferees are being held three or four times a day at the Constitution Club, where ex-Warden James Shevlin acts as Hugh McLaughlin's representative. There is more Chicago in anything than in the election.

That \$100,000 prize the Shrivellys, is also causing a big fight within the ranks. Jury Commissioner Forey and Civil Justice Courtney have carried their fight so far that they forget to speak as they pass by.

Register Sleevs Has a Grievance.

Lewis Sanders, E. C. Coggeshall, John Webber, Carlisle Norwood and John T. Leckman, lawyers, appeared in the Tombs Police Court this morning to answer the charge of malicious libel preferred against them by Register James J. Bierer.

The case was laid over until Friday, the 25th inst. Mr. Sleevs alleges that the defendants made a meeting in the Exchange in March last, were made maliciously to reflect upon his conduct as Register of the city of New York. The defendants claim that there was no malice intended.

Hearing the Pilot's Report.

President E. A. Stevens, of the Hoboken Land and Improvement Company, which owns the ferries running between New York and Hoboken, called for a meeting of the officers of the company this morning to listen to the report of Pilot Edgar St. John of the Secaucus, the ferry-boat which ran into and sank the tugboat, the New York, in the North River, early last night.

The result of the meeting, which lasted two hours, was to return to Captain St. John, who was told to return to his post. The result of the meeting was to return to Captain St. John, who was told to return to his post. The result of the meeting was to return to Captain St. John, who was told to return to his post.

No Money for Wine and Cigars.

Col. Richard P. Morgan, Jr., chief of the engineering party which recently made the tour of the government-owned Pacific coast and San Francisco, under the direction of the Pacific Railway Commission, has been staying at the Astor House for a few days. In speaking of the charge that he had been paid for wine and cigars, Col. Morgan said that so far as his party was concerned no government money had been paid for wine and cigars. He said that he had been only being a good deal of time had been used in doing the work in a thorough manner.

Drunken Men Warned to be Careful.

Thomas McMahon, a laborer, lives at 421 West Seventeenth street. Last night he got drunk, mistook 48 for his house, and made himself at home in Timothy Larvin's room. When objection was made he beat Larvin and chased Mr. Larvin about the room. Larvin knocked him down and sat upon him till his wife got a policeman. At the Jefferson Market Court this morning Justice Gorman said that drunken men were mistaking their houses too often now, and committed McMahon for six months.

Jay Gould's Projected Trip.

Jay Gould is to spend the coming winter on the Mediterranean, so current gossip has it in Wall street to-day. It is known that his yacht, the Atlanta, has just been thoroughly overhauled for the season, and that he is to sail for Gibraltar next Saturday. Mr. Gould is to sail on the same day, but on board a big French steamship. He is to be accompanied by Capt. Schenck, the Atlanta's commander. The latter's brother will take the yacht across.

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## THEY CALLED ON THE ANARCHISTS.

Socialist Knights Sympathize with the Condemned Men—Will There be a Riot?

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

CHICAGO, Oct. 22.—The Socialist Knights from Minneapolis did get into the jail to see the condemned Anarchists, though they did not make the great impression they intended to do by marching through the corridors in a body. The jailer received the fifty-four men civilly, and permitted them to visit the prisoners in squads of eighteen. The Knights assured the condemned men of their sympathy, expressed the belief that the appeal to the Supreme Court would be successful and promised to make renewed efforts to arouse public attention to their case and secure their release. Quins and Kouns, of New York, were in the delegation.

There is no disguising the fact, there is considerable apprehension of an outbreak on the day of the executions—Nov. 11. The feeling of alarm is not confined to the authorities. It has spread throughout the city, and especially is it manifested in the neighborhood of the county jail. This building is not near the business centre of the city, but is located on the north side, two blocks away from the river, and running along the east side of the edifice is Dearborn avenue, a street which, only a few streets to the north of the gloomy structure where the fated seven are incarcerated, develops into one of the most fashionable boulevards of Chicago, lined on either side with costly residences.

In the immediate vicinity of the jail are located several boarding-houses. The location has been considered so good, being hardly a quarter of a mile from the great wholesale and retail districts, that landlords have had no slight reason for finding them so good. But in the last two months since the Illinois Supreme Court refused to grant the convicted Anarchists a new trial, a marvelous change has been going on. House after house has been vacated, and the landlords vainly seeking in the justice courts to enforce their broken leases. In three instances, at least, the tenants boldly declared that they felt that their lives and those of the members of their family would be seriously endangered by residing in close proximity to the jail.

One nervous man declared it to be his belief from what he had seen in walking the streets towards his home late at night, that there was a well-defined plot to blow up the jail with dynamite. Others feared that, despite the vigilance of the authorities, a mob would gather outside the jail, and would force the seven Anarchists, or at least precipitate one of the bloodiest riots of modern times. Therefore it is that the sign "For Rent" can be seen on the doors and windows of dwelling-houses for blocks around the jail.

GARRETT GOING IN SPLENDOR.

Luxurious Arrangements for His Comfort in His Trip Through Mexico.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

BALTIMORE, Oct. 22.—To-morrow Robert Garrett will start on his trip through Mexico. He will travel luxuriously. The private car Maryland, which, until the death of John W. Garrett, had been used by him, and the private car Baltimore, in which Robert Garrett does his traveling, have been thoroughly overhauled and refurnished. There will also likely be a third car to the special train for the French chef, the waiters and other servants of the young millionaire's retinue. The choicest wines and delicacies of the table will be taken along.

Mr. Garrett proposes to travel through the West and Southwest, spending some time in California, and visit every point of interest that can be reached by railroad in Mexico.